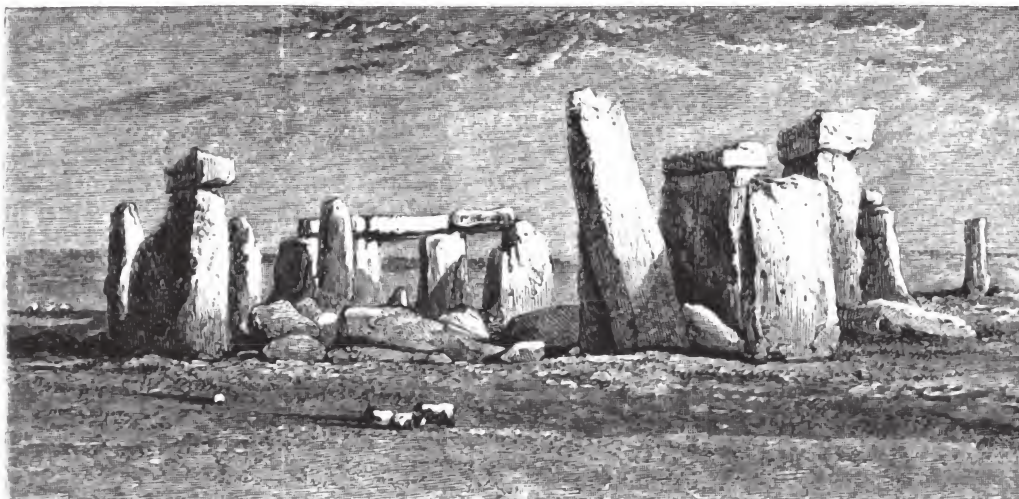


SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter XX]



STONEHENGE.

STANDING on the top of the highest and most beautiful spire in England—that of Salisbury Cathedral—one may see on the plain, at about nine miles' distance, a strange circle of white stones; or, standing on the top of one of those stones, one may see the spire, gleaming like a column of flame, against the sky; and in either case he will feel a sense of mystery stealing over him, as it may perhaps be felt nowhere else on earth. If one could read the history written in the dust of Salisbury Plain, or gauge the spiritual formations that stretch between the cromlechs of Stonehenge and that cathedral in the distance, he would probably hold the key to the story of every race that lives or has lived. The geologist can show that the vast plain was once the bed of a sea; but who can tell us of that vast surging sea of humanity—mingled of streams confluent from all the fountains of races—which once swept and raged with storms and battles over this serene landscape, on whose solitudes



SARUM STONE.

the sun now looks so peacefully down? Sauntering near Old Sarum this morning I picked up a little piece of carved stone, which had evidently been part of a cornice, and had no doubt that I held in my hand one of the last bits of that ancient cathedral built on this spot 760 years ago. Of that cathedral, which formed the centre of the city of Old Sarum, the sun even yet traces the extensive outline amidst the waving corn; but the mansions and streets of that once populous city are not even traceable in the dust. Few cities have ever so utterly perished from the earth. Truly the fashion of

this world passeth away. When, forty years ago, the English people were overhauling their rotten boroughs, the most salient example of the whole system, the *reductio ad absurdum* under which chiefly it broke down, was that an old tree near this spot had for more than a century sent two members to Parliament! Septennially—or at every election—the two candidates drove out to the spot, taking a returning officer and two nominators; the bribery act was read, and they were formally nominated to the Infinite Silences and the sheep, if any happened to be near; the sheep bleated and the tree boughed their assent; the officer made up the certificates, pocketed his comfortable fees, and the five repaired to dinner in a Salisbury hotel—all of which was plainly proved at the time, and, indeed, not denied. "Old Sarum" thus became politically a by-word, and, indeed, is occasionally referred to now in Parliament as a case not unlikely to be paralleled unless the coming redistribution of seats shall more fully than it promises represent the changes that have been wrought in England by that arch-innovator—Steam.

And yet Lord Macaulay's famous New Zealander, sitting on the last half-crumbled arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, would hardly be a more significant object than the parliamentary radical holding up Old Sarum to ridicule. From this hill, the centre of the perished city, and from the fortress, whose very *débris* has been nearly all eaten as grass and bread by man and brute, Briton and Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, successively commanded the whole district, and for ages kept Southwestern England in subjection. The Romans, when they first entered the country, found it a famous strong-

hold, and they chose it as the key to the country, surrounding it with a vast fosse, and making it the point of divergence for six military roads, with which they intersected the entire neighborhood. King Alfred drew a wider circle around it. The Normans completed the fortress, and built a wall around the city, inclosing a space of 16,000 feet in diameter. Nearly all of these more ancient works are yet traceable, though the comparatively modern works are not.

But even seven centuries ago, though the generations seem indiscriminately warlike, one age differed from another. In the time of King John the people of Old Sarum began to feel that their city had been built on a site selected with reference to war alone. When they began to think of cultivating the soil their eyes looked yearningly toward the neighboring valley, with the beautiful Avon shining through it almost as far as the eye could reach. And at last, in obedience to their longing, the first stone of the cathedral of New Sarum, or Salisbury, was laid (A.D. 1220) by Henry III., and after this a single generation witnessed the entire removal of the city and its inhabitants from the fortified hill to the peaceful valley. In the time of Henry VII. the county jail and a "chantry" in the cathedral were alone the active relics of the city which had so shortly before been crowded with life; but in the next reign Leland went there and found that only "a chapel of Our Lady was yet standing and maintained," and that there was "not one house, neither within old Saresbyri or without, inhabited." It is not wonderful, then, that, visiting it in 1868, the most striking sight I saw was a flock of sheep, on the backs of two or three of which, as they grazed, starlings were quietly perched! The birds were paying for their pleasant roost by picking ticks from the sheeps' backs. The old tree I found to be itself a kind of cathedral; and the bit of cornice inscribed with a lesson concerning many institutions in many lands, reared in and adapted to ages

which have long passed, but which still continue, like Old Sarum, to sway the living interests of the fruitful valleys to which the real power has emigrated.

Salisbury Cathedral is externally one of the most impressive I have ever seen. A double cross in ground-plan, purely Gothic in style, it rises with pyramidal definiteness to the top of its spire, which rises to the height of 400 feet, and is even spiritual in its lightness and beauty. The whole building might well have inspired Coleridge's felicitous description of a cathedral as "frozen music." The spire is more recent than the rest of the church, which formerly ended in a great lantern. The simplicity of the inside is quite astonishing. One may wander, however, for a long time about its cloisters—the very finest in Europe—and its chapter-house, and find many points of singular interest. On a window in the Lady Chapel is a fine copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of the Resurrection. The most interesting monuments are those which were transferred from the cathedral of Old Sarum, the most curious of these being one on which is the figure of a boy dressed in pontificals. In early times a boy was annually elected by the Romish Church to be a bishop, in honor of the patron of children, St. Nicholas—whose name has gradually become Santa Claus. The visitor notes the tombs of Bishop Jewell and of John Bampton, founder of the Bampton Lectures, and lingers with veneration before those of the Herberts, to whom literature is so deeply indebted. One of the most interesting is that of Henry, Earl of Pembroke, who did so much toward the exploration of the antiquities of Wiltshire. He was an enthusiast about Stonehenge, of which he had a model in his garden, built by the famous architect Inigo Jones. He also had old Stukeley as a resident in his house, that he might devote himself more completely to exploring this region. The chapter-house is, like nearly every chapter-house, circular; and it is not a little remarkable that in this part of the European cathedral—the place



OLD SARUM.



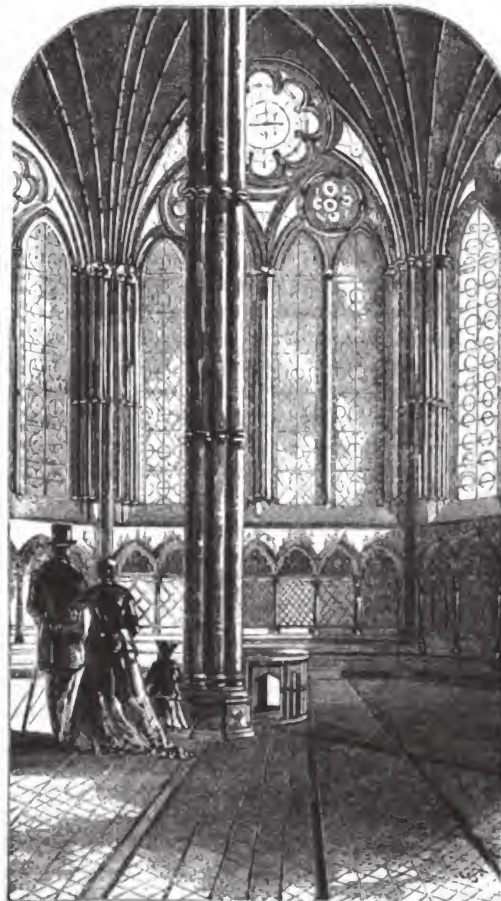
SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, FROM BEHIND.

of initiation—there should still survive the old Druidic form, the circle. But there are few chapter-houses that are so rich in interest as this. In the carvings of the niches near the floor there is very quaint work, representing nearly all of the Old Testament history. Some are rather ludicrous. In one God is represented resting after creation in the form of an aged man whose head has fallen one side with fatigue, and looking with distress upon the world, which he holds in his hand; in another Joseph's feet and legs as far as the knee are seen held by his brother's hand—the rest of him is down in the pit. But amidst these grotesques one now and then finds a sculpture of marvelous beauty, as in a representation of Abraham tenderly embracing Isaac on the altar with one arm, while his knife is raised by the other, and hardly yet arrested by the angel. On the keystones of the surrounding are some good carvings of the chief characters of the time when it was built—king, queen, monk, nun, and so on; and among these the face of a student in a condition of religious ecstasy.

Apart from its cathedral, Salisbury, with its interminable gable-fronts and red Dutch tiles, is an interesting old city. An old and elaborately-carved "cross" stands in the centre of a space called the Poultry Market. Back of this, and immediately to the right in the accompanying picture, the reader will observe a quaint old gable-front with a cross on top. This is an old hostelry, where Catholic pilgrims who came up to the cathedral in old times were lodged. After their time it became a famous resort for gallants. Old Pepys slept there in 1668, and found a "silken bed and very good diet," followed by a bill that made him "mad." There is also in the city an old apartment called the "Halle," in which a merchant of the seventeenth century was wont to entertain other merchants. It shows carvings in wood worthy of the attention of the artist of to-day. In it is a stained window representing the merchant

of that period, dressed magnificently—the long toes of his shoes fastened by chains to his knees!

Three miles out from Salisbury is Wilton Hall, the noble mansion of the Earls of Pembroke, and now of the Sidney-Herberts. The present Lord Herbert is a youth who has grown so fast—being already 6 feet 4 inches in his



CHAPTER-HOUSE.



POULTRY MARKET CROSS.

minority—that his friends became alarmed for his health and induced him to visit Australia. The mansion was designed by Holbein, and built by Inigo Jones. It has many fine old pictures and war-trophies, the latter won by the ancestors of the house from the French at St. Quentin. But the modern pilgrim goes there not to see the rusty relics of dead feuds, but to see the place where Inigo Jones wrought and Stukeley studied, and—above all—where Sir Philip Sidney imagined and wrote his “Arcadia.” For it was amidst these iron memorials of an “age of chivalry” that was past that Sidney’s fine spirit caught the tints of a chivalry that can never pass away—amidst these peaceful plains and by the gentle Avon that he dreamed of an Arcadia happier than any in the past, by being civilized and knowing its own happiness. It is a beautiful spot to be forever associated with that exquisite vision. The Sidneys lived themselves at a charming place in Kent called “The Knolls;” but a sister of Sir Philip’s having married Earl Pembroke, the noble knight continually yearned toward Wilton House, where he passed much of his time. This sister was hardly less accomplished than her famous brother, and was extremely beautiful. The portrait of her recently shown in the National Portrait Exhibition at Kensington, and the family traditions concerning her virtues, render it certain that there was ample justification for the epitaph which “rare Ben Jonson” with rarest felicity wrote upon her:

“Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another
Wise and good and fair as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!”

From a row of eager cabmen who stood near the railway station in Salisbury I called to one who did not seem to want me, but, having deposited some one, was about driving off. Having bargained with him to take me to Stonehenge—eighteen miles (there and back) for nine shillings—he confided to me that he was not in the habit of driving himself; he superintended and sent out coaches and horses to others. This morning he had been suddenly called upon to take from a hotel to the station an individual afflicted with delirium tremens.

“What kind of man was that?”

“Oh, a gentleman—not a tradesman, but a real gentleman.”

The word “gentleman,” as spoken by the lower classes in England, never has a moral but only a technical meaning, and would be used concerning a thief if he had moved in respectable society and done no work. The desire, also, of this superintendent of coaches not to be confused with the class of drivers of coaches was one among many illustrations which I have met with in England of a fact often overlooked—namely, that the terms and boundaries of classes in the upper stratum of English society are not more definite than those which are preserved in the lower stratum.*

I soon found that my coachman was a “character.” He had been for the greater part of his life keeper of Lord Somebody’s stud, and an eminent jockey for the same nobleman in steeple-chases. “Do not a great many accidents happen in steeple-chases?” I asked. “Yes, Sir, a goodish few.” “Have you ever met with many?” “Me? Oh, I always came off well. I got my ankle broke once; afterward a rib broke; and then again a shoulder out of joint. I was always very lucky, Sir, very.” “Other jockeys must fare badly, then,” I remarked. “Yes, Sir, a goodish few gets killed; and most gets crippled for life.” Just then we came in sight of the race-course, over which horses were being led and trotted to familiarize them with the ground previous to the coming races. The sight acted on my companion like a taste of blood on a tame tiger, and he lashed his poor horse until I had to interfere.

At last we saw the mysterious blanched

* “Down among the people that live by manual labor are ‘lower,’ ‘middle,’ and ‘upper’ ranks: slaves of toil, a well-to-do grade, an aristocracy; serfs, capitalists, theologians, artists, poets, generals; an infinite sea of humanity, which looks like a monotonous expanse only because we are so far off as not to mark the individuality that clothes each momentary wave. . . . Brute force is cut off from skill of hand by as wide an interval as the selling of groceries is cut off from the writing of diplomatic dispatches. In one sphere of life 15s. a week more or less makes as great a difference as £10,000 a year makes in another.” —*Fraser’s Magazine*, March, 1868.

stones gleaming on the plains ahead of us; and soon I was wandering and meditating amidst the strange "circles" of the earliest British temple—if temple it be. My ex-jockey was fruitful of explanations. "That stone you are sitting on was the haltar on which the sacrifices was hofferred," he said, profoundly. "And this was the main hentrance. 'Ere the wictim's blood trickled down. Some folks thinks as they were 'uman wictims," he added, with a shudder. Mr. Carlyle told me that when he and Emerson visited Stonehenge, many years ago, they took a local "antiquarian" along with them, and his revelations amounted to about the same as those gratuitously vouchsafed by my jockey. Emerson, however, thought there was something in the old man, who divided the stones into "sacrificial" and "astronomical," and placing the philosopher upon one of the former, pointed him to an "astronomical," and bade him notice that its top ranged with the sky-line; which being conceded, he stated that at the summer solstice the sun rises exactly over the top of that stone; and at the Druidical temple at Abury there is a stone in the same relative position. "I was," said Mr. Carlyle, in giving me some account of the visit, "somewhat disappointed in Stonehenge at first. But I found in subsequent reading that in early days the now closely-shaven plain on which it stands was covered with a dense forest; and the roads traceable from the entrances must have reached out for many miles to every point of the horizon, which must certainly have been impressive." He also told me that he had found, in the volume of some old traveler, an account of a very similar stone temple in the heart of a forest, discovered (as a living institution) in Tartary.

The said traveler went into the Tartar Stonehenge and listened to the prayers of the people, which consisted of petitions to the gods that they would bless their herds to such extent that every cow should that year bear two calves instead of one; and that in selling the

calves they might be able to obtain for each twice as much as it was worth! The grim humorist of Chelsea could not find much difference between this species of prayer and one he had heard somewhere in a chapel where the preacher prayed, substantially, in Carlyle's version, "O Lord, Thou hast plenty of treacle; send us down a continued stream of it!" That the Druids were supposed to have a particular power over herds, which were prolific or barren accordingly as their owners were blessed or cursed by the priests, is known to us; but it detracts considerably from the romance of the hallowed spot to think that such prayers as those of the Tartars were once offered in it. However, it is now conceded that those who worshiped at Stonehenge adored the sun. The stone, sixteen feet high, and about two hundred yards from the temple, called "the Friar's Heel"—a stone thrown at the devil, according to the legend—is not only set exactly at that point toward the northeast where the sun rises at the summer solstice, exactly over its top, but has been set in a place where the ground has been scooped so as to bring its top, as seen from the altar, precisely against the horizon. It is thus plainly an astronomical stone. Every year people go out on the 21st of June to see the sun rise above this stone; and that it does with absolute exactness admits now of no question. Concerning the Tartar temple it may be said, that while it would be natural for worshippers to connect the sun with the fruitfulness of their flocks, the more we search for temples or monuments resembling Stonehenge in other countries the more difficult is it found to assign any particular locality as their origin, so various are the quarters in which they are found. Dean Stanley saw a similar one a few miles north of Tyre. Fergusson found one at Sarchee in India. And now there lies before me Mr. Squier's remarkable account of Peruvian temples (in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1868), which henceforth it will be impossible to dissociate from these relics of the pre-historical Old



THE FRIAR'S HEEL.

World. What then? Are we to find at length that America was the cradle-land of the human race—that the New World is really the Old World? Science has once or twice revolutionized our ideas as much as that, and there is no telling whither she will next lead us. Already the earliest animal in the world, the Eozoon, has been found in the Laurentian rocks of Canada.

The etymologists who love to trace English names to Saxon roots and those who find Norse etymons every where have their respective explanations of the name Stonehenge. The former see it to be plainly Stan-henge, or hanging stones; the latter to be Stanning (it is so spelled in some old records), from *Stan*, a stone, and *Ing*, a field. The former seems to me the more probable origin of the name; for though there are many old Danish names in England, they are found chiefly on the eastern coast, where the Vikings mainly hovered in early times. The word "Viking" itself indicates that the Norsemen kept about the bays and inlets of the coast. "Vik" is the same as "Wick," which signifies the corner of the mouth, and was applied to such inlets of the sea as run up into the land like the side of the mouth. It is preserved in "Berwick," and by reference to the inlet on which that northern town stands one may see what was meant by *wick*. The wick of a candle is that part of it which is similarly shaped. *Ing* (a field) means the spreading of such an inlet toward the sea; and Wick-ing or Viking is the whole name, which was gradually given to those who, probably for piratical purposes, infested such nooks on the coast. There, too, we find the names which end in *by*—*e. g.*, Whitby—*by* being the old Danish word for town. By-laws are town laws, that is, local regulations as distinguished from general or national laws. These words stretch into the east of Scotland, from which region Mr. Gladstone gets his name; *Glead* meaning a hawk, and the name a stone where hawks roost. But when we come into the southwest of England we find that Saxon is the back-ground of the proper names; and it is in the proper names that original tongues linger longest.

Again, a question has arisen whether Stonehenge was built for a temple, or for a courthouse. Undoubtedly we find that in early times civil trials were held in such places. In 1349 William de St. Michel was summoned to a court "apud stantes lapides de Rane en le Garniach," and in 1380 Alexander, Lord of Regality of Badenoch, held a court "apud le Standand Stanys de la Rathe de Kingney Estir." But archæologists find no difficulty in a country where religion is connected with the state in concluding that the Druid priests were also the magistrates, and that civil law began in religious and moral law. At any rate, the tradition of the country, joined with the fact that wherever stones similarly placed in other countries have been found they are invariably temples, renders it quite certain that Stonehenge was a religious structure.

Coming now to the temple itself, we find it consisting of 94 stones, with traces of there having been many more. It is generally thought that there were originally 160 in all. It is estimated that the largest of these would weigh nearly 40 tons, and would require 140 oxen to draw it. There is one stone whose weight has been estimated as high as 70 tons. The first question that arises in the mind is how these enormous stones could have been brought all the way from Devonshire or Cornwall—nearly 100 miles—the nearest point at which rock of a similar character can be found. There have been surmises that it must have been at that inconceivably remote period when elephants existed in England! But it is known that the very greatest power can not be got from horses, elephants, or any other animals than men; and this simply because mere animals can not be completely adjusted to the direction of intelligence, that is, can not be thoroughly drilled, nor inspired by a clear perception of the task to be accomplished. Reason at last is the chief force, even in mechanics. The heaviest single block of stone ever moved is that upon which the equestrian statue of Peter the Great stands in the city of St. Petersburg. It was brought from a point many miles away by men. The men in this case were drilled like an army. The first task was to lift one end enough to get it upon a roller. When the effort was to be made they were all—the number being several thousands—harnessed to the stone; the king and his court came out; innumerable banners were waved; the bugle was sounded; and amidst strains of martial music and under an inspiration such as is evoked at the onset of a battle, the men gave a great combined movement, and the first step, which made all others easier, was gained. Day after day this splendid performance was repeated amidst the presence and plaudits of vast numbers of spectators, including the king and nobility, until the work was done. Now if we add to such power as this the animation of that religious faith which can "remove mountains," the building of Stonehenge and other great temples ceases to be a mystery. The huge blocks of stone found in the temple of the Sun at Baalbec are so far beyond any force that the people of that region can now imagine that they say they were cut and removed from the neighboring quarries by the genii. And one enormous block which, after being cut, remains in the quarry, has given rise to the legend that the genii, who were employed by Solomon on this temple, struck work because the king broke his contract with them. So the temple was never finished. But when we learn from history that three hundred young men, the flower of the Carthaginian youth, came cheerfully to that temple to be offered up as sacrifices on its altar for the benefit of their city, we feel that the corresponding amount of faith in the workmen would be ample to cut and raise all the stones of Baalbec. At Stonehenge every visitor feels thrilled and awe-

stricken under a mysterious sense of being in the presence of some almost supernatural influence; and I doubt not that the feeling, if analyzed, would be found in the recognition in the monuments of a degree of faith which has passed away from the earth. "Why can not we build such cathedrals now?" asked Alfonso of Heine as they stood before the great structure at Rheims. "That cathedral," answered Heine, "was built by an age of convictions; ours is an age of opinions."

The plan of Stonehenge is two circles and two "horseshoes," each marked by stones which rise in height from east to west. The outer circle is 300 feet in circumference; the smaller circle is contained within this; and the oval circles open from these, impinging upon them; and one is inclosed within the other. The stone called the altar is inclined, and is of a kind different from the other in substance, and said to be impervious to the action of fire; it is a Devonian hornstone, called *Sarsen*; the other stones are of simple Cornish granite.

As the decay of the popular faith in Baal among the Syrians was marked by the rise of the superstition that not men but only genii could have built the temples of Baalbec, so the appearance of a new faith in these islands—the faith of Thor, it may be—was followed by the rise of legends that these stones were brought to Salisbury Plains by the magic art of Merlin, or by giants. The superstitious country people call them now "the giants' dance," and one may now and then meet with a peasant who believes that they were giants who were transformed to stone while engaged in diabolical orgies. The legend, as gathered from Giraldus, Lewis, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, is that these stones, which had a preternatural virtue, were originally gathered by giants at Kildare in Ireland. On the occasion when the Britons were invited to Salisbury by the Saxons to make a treaty of peace, the Saxons fell upon and slew them. Subsequently Ambrosius, King of the Britons, wishing to set up on the spot some everlasting memorial of this Saxon treachery, applied to Merlin, who informed him that there were in Ireland these magical stones that would last forever. As the Irish were unwilling to have them removed, Uther Pendragon went with 15,000 men and defeated them; but the stones could not be moved until Merlin came and with magic art transferred them.

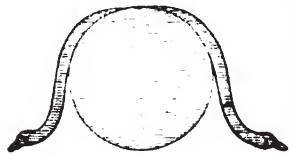
It is not at all improbable that it is to this legend, acting upon the superstitious fears of Wiltshire peasants, that we owe the preservation of Stonehenge through many ages in which so many of these old structures have been broken up to make houses in a region where good stone is rare. It was not until 1620 that any real efforts at obtaining a rational explanation of these stones was made. The first of these was by Inigo Jones, the architect, who, at the desire of James I., investigated them, and attributed them to the Romans. This brought out a great controversy, which was carried on

by Hoare, Charleton, Webb, Sammes, Gibson, Keyser, each of whom had his theory, and among whom Stonehenge was attributed in turns to all the races that ever had a foothold in Great Britain. But it is from 1740 that we may date the little we have in the way of historic probabilities concerning the temple. In that year Dr. Stukeley, as before alluded to, went to reside with the Earl of Pembroke, and gave a thorough investigation of Stonehenge, the surrounding barrows, and the temple at Abury. He found at Stonehenge the bones of oxen and other animals similar to those sacrificed by Egyptians and Hebrews. In a large barrow—there are 160 barrows within a circle of three miles around—he found a skeleton with head to the north; a bone drinking-cup; a bone needle; two burned cones of jet; eighteen beads of amber; two oblong jet beads; glass beads, yellow and black; amber of various forms; urns of unbaked clay; a few beads with film of gold; all of which had been touched by fire. One barrow was evidently that of a heroine. It contained the skeleton of a young girl, by whose side were many costly ornaments, a bodkin of bone, and a javelin of brass. Stukeley showed conclusively that these were not Roman monuments.

At that time Celtic literature was beginning to receive some attention; and it was found that the Welsh bards alluded to "the stone cell of the sacred fire," and "the great stone fence of the common sanctuary." The Welsh Triads recorded three great works done in their time: 1. the lifting of the stone of Ketti; 2. building the work of Emrys; 3. piling up the mount of Assemblies. The "Emrys" spoken of here seemed to Mr. Davies, author of "Celtic Researches," so nearly related to "ambres"—the British name for sacred stones, which gave its name to Amesbury (Ambresbury), now called Abury—that he suggested the temple at Stonehenge as the second of the great works alluded to; and indeed the agreement of scholars from that time that the temple belonged to a Druidical period. But now Stukeley observed that the Stonehenge temple was built by people who venerated the circle and the oval; that those who were buried in the barrows belonged to a people who venerated the North, toward which the heads were placed; that those who built the Ambresbury temple built it in the form of a serpent; and that all these were built with reference to early astronomical theories. Now it is known that the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Greeks all had a religious veneration for the North. The serpent was a still more universal symbol, there being hardly a race which has not some traces of serpent-worship. The snake is on the banner of China and that of South Carolina. But the old scholar found something more definite in the use of the oval, the circle, and the astronomic forms. He found that among Egyptians and Phœnicians a circle was the symbol of the Deity, and the earth was supposed an egg; and thus he was able to trace

the circular and oval forms observed in the plan of Stonehenge. "Plato, who learned much from the ancestors of our Druids, says, in Diogenes Laertius, that God is spherical, which he must mean hieroglyphically. So our Druids, as well as he, may mean the infinity of Nature in the Deity, who made the world by this scheme of Stonehenge; at least they understood by the circle the heavens, which include all things." Of the placing of the main entrance due northeast, where the sun rises at the summer solstice, he writes: "As well because that is the farthest elongation of that great celestial luminary northward; the complement of our earthly felicity in ripening the fruits of the earth; as because they then celebrated one of their principal religious meetings or festivals with sacrifices, public games, and the like." But though, as we have said, the serpent symbol is so universal, Stukeley proved that the great temple at Amesbury, clearly supplementary to that at Stonehenge and belonging to the same era and people, was built after that particular form of it which is found particularly in Egypt.

Any one familiar with Egyptian monuments



EGYPTIAN SYMBOL.

will know how uniformly they are adorned with the figure of the circle alated with two serpents. Now this is just the shape of the Amesbury

temple. These facts seemed to point to the Egyptian origin of those who built these stone temples. But there is evidence that at an early period these British monuments became associated with the mythologies of other nations. Diodorus Siculus says: "Among the writers on antiquity Hecataeus and some others relate that there is an island in the ocean opposite to Celtic Gaul, and not inferior in size to that of Sicily, lying toward the north, and inhabited by the Hyperborei, who are so called because they live more remote from the north wind"—i. e., as compared with the Scythians. "The soil is excellent and fertile, the climate temperate, and the harvest is made twice in the same year. Tradition says that Latona was born here, and therefore Apollo is worshiped in preference to any other deity; and because the inhabitants celebrate him daily with continued songs of praise, and pay him the highest honors, they are considered as the priests of Apollo, to whom a magnificent precinct is allotted, and a remarkable temple of a round form adorned with many votive offerings. The country is also dedicated to this deity. Many of its inhabitants are musicians, who, striking up their harps within the temple, chant sacred hymns to the god, and honorably extol his actions. The government of the country and the care of the temple are intrusted to the Boreadae, who inherit this government by an uninterrupted line of succession." Davies has shown that the

name of this Apollo (for there is no doubt that Britain is referred to in the above extract) was Bel—the same as Baal—and that the early name of this country was Vel-ynys, or the Isle of Bel.

Notwithstanding the belief of some good authorities that Hercules is purely a myth, the quantity of particular statements concerning him have brought the weight of critical opinion in favor of the existence of a great navigator whose career gave rise to the stories connected with that name. Max Muller has shown how nearly all, if not all, mythologies are traceable to the sun. Apollo is the sun whose light voyages throughout the earth; but Hercules, the Tyrian mariner, who sailed from the remote East to set up his "Pillars" at what was supposed to be the remotest Occidental point of land, was deified as a kind of human avatar or incarnation of Apollo. That he, or the legends connected with his name, was known in the earliest days in Britain is shown by sundry old names traceable to him—e. g., Hartlepool, Hartland, etc. Moreover, there is no doubt that an old altar to Hercules, with a Greek inscription confirming the fact, was discovered in Corbridge church-yard. The greatest mariners of ancient times were the Phœnicians, and nearly all authorities agree that they instituted a commerce with Cornwall, and first worked its tin-mines. Hercules was a Tyrian, and some say built that city. Stukeley believes that he and his Phœnician mariners discovered the use of the lodestone in Cornwall, where a large vein of it exists, and that they kept it for ages a profound secret, wishing to enjoy its benefits exclusively; and he finds this magnet hinted at in nearly all of the mythological legends of the time. Hercules, it was said, being once overpowered by the heat of the sun, drew his bow against that luminary; whereupon the god (Phœbus), admiring his intrepidity, gave him a golden cup, with which he sailed over the ocean. This cup was the compass, which old writers have called *Lapis Heracleus*. Pisander says Oceanus lent him the cup, and Lucian says it was a seashell. Tradition affirms that the magnet originally was not on a pivot, but set to float on water in a cup. The old antiquarian is wildly theoretical on this point, and sees a compass in the Golden Fleece of Argos, in the oracular needle which Nero worshiped, and in every thing else. Yet undoubtedly there are some curious facts connected with the matter. Osonius says that Gama and the Portuguese got the compass from some pirates at the Cape of Good Hope, A. D. 1260. M. Fauchet, the French antiquarian, finds it plainly alluded to in some old poem of Brittany belonging to the year A. D. 1180. Paulo Venetus brought it in the thirteenth century from China, where it was regarded as oracular. Genebrand says Melvius, a Neapolitan, brought it to Europe in A. D. 1303. Costa says Gama got it from Mohammedan seamen. But all nations with whom it was found associate it with regions where



ANCIENT COIN OF TYRE.



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Heracleian myths prevailed. And one of the most curious facts is that the ancient Britons, as the Welsh do to-day, call a pilot, *llywydd* (lode). Lodemanage, in Skinner's Etymology, is the word for the price paid to a pilot. But whether this famous, and afterward deified, mariner had a compass or not, we can hardly regard the association of his name with so many Western monuments as accidental. The dollar mark (\$) so familiar to Americans is certainly derived from the "Pillars of Hercules," as the two great rock-hills at Gibraltar are called; and I have in the pursuit of this subject come to the conviction that there is in that dollar-mark a very interesting piece of symbolism hitherto undiscovered, which the reader may regard as an episode in this inquiry.

The Tyrian form of the Heracleian legend is this: Claudius Julius Hercules, having been bitten by a serpent, was ordered by an oracle to sail to a distant region where he would find a plant that would heal him. He came to Spain, where he found the plant colocassia—or, as Salmusius says, *dracunculus*—which cured him, and then he built the city of Gades (Cadiz), and raised the "Pillars of Hercules"—which was his tenth labor. This legend found its way in the course of time on the coinage of Tyre. In examining these old coins it struck me that they singularly resembled the earliest representations of Adam and Eve, with the tree of life and the serpent. The earliest of the coins (No. 1), which was "struck by Tyre in honor of its founder, Hercules, the navigator," shows simply two round-topped pillars with a tree between them, with an altar and a couch, which was the device of Tyre. But on the more recent coin (No. 2) there are significant modifications; a serpent surrounds the tree, and the stone pillars on either side are irregular. In fact the plain stones of No. 1 are in No. 2 on their way to become statues. It must be remembered that at the time when Tyre was at its height of prosperity as a commercial city Greece had no history, and Greek art did not exist. The nations beyond Greece in both time and place had gradually ascended from the worship of lowest fetiches to the worship of the planets. Even the setting up of sacred

stones—originating in altars—was probably a reaction and innovation from the more western tribes which ultimately crystallized into Greece. Maximus of Tyre says the Arabians worshiped he knew not what, for he "only saw a great stone." Pausanias says the more ancient Greeks worshiped unhewn stone instead of statues. But at the time that the fable of the stones cast by Deucalion after the deluge over his head and transformed to men was forming these primitive religious stones also became statues; and thus the story of Adam and Eve, the serpent and the apples, blended with the legend of Hercules, the serpent bite, the healing plant, and the pillars of Hercules. The later or Greek form of the fable is the apples of immortality, guarded by a serpent in the interest of the three nymphs (Hesperides), which it was one of the labors of Hercules to gather. There seems to me no doubt whatever that we have, therefore, in our Spanish-American dollar-mark at once the pillars of Hercules, the dracunculus, and the serpent; the daughters of Hesperus, the serpent, and the golden apples; and the tree of life with the serpent twined around it.

We must, then (to return to Stonehenge), conclude that at about the period of time when Jacob took the stone which he had for a pillow and set up for a pillar, marking the spot which had been "the gate of heaven" to him, wanderers from the same region—the region of astronomic religions, pyramids, etc.—were setting up these pillars on Salisbury Plain. And the little we know about the Druid priests who presided over them indicates that they had many of the characteristics of those of Egypt who represented the established church of Pharaoh and the aristocratic task-masters. Dr. Stukeley thought, however, that the builders of Stonehenge were Jews. Nor is this impossible. We probably make a serious mistake in supposing that the Jews and their ordinary priests differed materially from the old Egyptian priests. Moses was clearly in advance of his followers, whom he found worshiping the Egyptian calf; and even Moses, in an emergency, offered for their adoration the sacred serpent of the country they had left. And it is certainly remarkable that He-

brew names, derived from immemorial times, are met with constantly in England. The Hamath of Scripture is found also in Gloucestershire, with an Ararat Hill, too, in the vicinity. The Aven of Ezekiel is repeated in the Avon. Nebo, Bel, Gilboa, occur in Wiltshire; and we have Calneh in Calne, and Ham, Hampton, etc., frequently. We have Mara-Zion in Cornwall, and Baal-peor meets us in Belper. The Rev. Samuel Lysons has collected over four thousand words and names in Great Britain which are plainly cognate to Hebrew words. It must, however, be borne in mind that it is well known that the Hebrew language is a Chaldee dialect. And so when we find, as we constantly do, ancient customs and traditions in Great Britain clearly related to those recorded in the Bible, although certainly anterior to the advent of Christianity here, it is necessary to reflect that the Hebrews derived them from many tribes—Egyptian, Babylonian, Syrian, and other. Of these ancient customs I shall have something to say presently. Before leaving Stonehenge it may be interesting to sum up briefly all that we know concerning the Druids, most of which we get from Cæsar, and one or two Greek writers. The Druids (priests), according to them, led austere lives, worshiped in forest solitudes, believed in immortality and transmigration, and were supposed to have the power of bringing blessings or cursings upon the people, who stood in great awe of them. They were a distinct hereditary caste, and their employments were divided among three classes. One of these (who may be taken as the originators of the Welsh bards and harpists) chanted hymns to the gods, and sang of heroes; the second decided judicial questions and attended to the education of youth; the third, and highest class, presided over religious rites and sacrifices. The priests were exempted from taxes and military duties. No enterprises were undertaken without consulting them. They appointed all officers. When disobeyed they ostracized the offender, to whom no one dared speak thereafter. They dealt much in charms and astrology. They held the oak sacred; and the mistletoe, under their incantations, became a panacea for every ill. They went barefooted and dressed in white. They gathered the lunaria, or moon-plant, when the moon shone on it, and vervain at sunrise, and used them for healing. They had secret symbols and signs, into which only the higher priestly orders were initiated; these it was not permitted to commit to writing. There were female priestesses, vowed to perpetual celibacy; and seem to have carried the doctrine of the equality of the sexes very far. This seems to ally them with the Germans and Cimbri.* Tacitus says: "The Germans sup-

pose some divine and prophetic quality resident in their women, and are careful neither to disregard their admonitions nor to neglect their answers." And of the Cimbri Strabo says they were followed to war by barefooted prophetesses in white linen, fastened with clasps of brass. "These go with drawn swords through the camp, strike down the prisoners they meet, and drag them to a brazen kettle. The priestess ascends a platform above it, cuts the throat of the victim, and from the manner in which the blood flows into the vessel she judges of future events. Others tear open the bodies of captives thus butchered, and from inspection of the entrails presage victory to their own party." There is no doubt that the Druids sacrificed human beings, who, selected generally from captives or offenders against their laws, were caged in a great basket and burned, the victims being supposed to be purified for the gods by this means. They believed in testing offenders by ordeals, as fiery furnaces, hot oil, and the like. They believed in destiny. They were severely moral as to sexual sins, and were undoubtedly the stratum out of which the Puritans and Calvinists were ultimately fashioned. They consecrated the darkest caverns and groves, believing them tenanted by potent spirits, and similarly apotheosized all the sombre and hard elements of the human mind and heart. They abhorred all images and statues, looked kindly on suicide, and esteemed physical courage above all traits of character. Altogether, I take it, your genuine Druid must have been unlovely.

The earliest allusion to Great Britain which we find is in Herodotus (B.C. 445), in which he mentions the Scilly Isles as a place from which tin was obtained. Aristotle, a hundred years later, mentions England and Ireland under the names Albion and Ierne. Polybius (B.C. 160) mentions the British Isles in connection with tin. Strabo (B.C. 40) gives something of the geography of the islands, and he quotes from a previous writer, Pytheas, who had traversed England and says: "It was neither land, nor sea, nor air separately, but a certain concretion of them all, like sea-blubber, in which land and sea and all things are suspended, and this is as it were the bound of all things, being neither passable by traveling nor by sailing." The sea-blubber is explained by some writers by the phenomenon of half-melted and amassed ice-slush, sometimes found about the Scilly Islands even yet. But it is to Cæsar (B.C. 56) we must look for our particular accounts of Britain at that period. He says that the Druids had knowledge of the stars and of geometry; that they used Greek letters; that they had vast numbers of youth studying, who had

* The Germans and Cimbri must have been brother-tribes or races. German means "man of war"—*ger* being *guerre*, and radically the same word with *war*, and with the Scotch word *gar*, to compel. Cimbri is traceable to *kampf*, battle. *Deutsch* is traced by some

to an old German word for fighting; but it is probably from the old German deity *Teut*, who was transformed by Christianity, like many other deities, into a *Teufel*. *Teut* may have been *Thoth* or *Taut* of the Egyptians, from the Chaldaic word *Tû*, the clay out of which man was formed.

to commit sometimes 20,000 lines to memory at a time. The discrepancies between the accounts of the personal appearance of the people given by Cæsar and the writers who immediately succeeded him are amusing. Cæsar says they painted themselves blue and dressed in skins; Solinus that they were tattooed; Herodian that they stained themselves with the figures of animals, and went naked; Pliny says that men and women, when at their religious ceremonies, were naked, and were black; Jordanes says they colored themselves with iron ore, which would make them red; Ovid calls the Britons *virides*, or green. From all of which we may gather that at about the Christian era these islands were peopled by races gathered from all parts of the earth.

Any one who will examine a physical map of the Eastern Hemisphere shall find the human race originating upon the rocky and sandy mountains and plateaus of Asia, with their average of 2000 feet above the sea. The hardness of nature there would give rise to a severe struggle for existence, and this would tend to scatter and sunder the race. Out of these wars migrations would arise, and these migrations would naturally follow the rivers by which Asian table-lands and mountains irrigated the pleasant and fruitful valleys of Europe. On examining Europe it will be seen that it is so intersected by mountain ranges, waters, and so forth, as to be admirably contrived to divide up the human race, as a hand is divided into fingers. Europe thus became the grand place for the establishment of those various nationalities, to whom Destiny distributed various tasks which were to unfold the several talents which were folded up in the seed-brain of the Asiatic man. The history of Europe is the history of these varieties. Having in their separateness developed their respective powers, the epoch of reunion began, and the long-parted races began to mingle again on the pleasant slopes of Western Europe. In Great Britain this mingling came as the overture to the great harmony of races which prepared for America her great task—the unification of the race on a higher plane, that is, with all the characteristics unfolded by its European nationalities preserved. We must then think of the settlement of Great Britain by successive invasions of Celts, Saxons, Romans, Norsemen, and the rest, as like the gathering into one Niagara or St. Lawrence of the waters of kindred but separate lakes. But it was not, like Niagara, by one fall that the confluent races found their way here, but rather by many falls—like those of Trenton—occurring after distinct intervals, and each with its own character. It followed that England was an immense caldron of contending bloods for ages; and that only after long struggles for supremacy were they formed into any thing like a consistent mass—even then the Irish being unmixable. And as there was a struggle of races here, so was there a struggle of their religions. We can find traces in these islands

of all the religions that ever existed on earth. It would surprise many of the devout people in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and consequently in every part of America, if they knew (what is a fact) that some of their most pious and ardent rites are derived from pagan usages which existed in these islands ages before the introduction of Christianity. How little do they who sing and shout in camp-meetings in the woods reflect that ancient Britons, in their forests, similarly chanted their incantations, and shouted to frighten away evil demons! How little do they who dress their churches with evergreen at Christmas see in them the ancient mistletoe, or the votive offerings to the sun which clothed the earth in robes of green! Fortunately for our researches in this direction, those who first brought Christianity to Great Britain did not attempt to trample out the various religions which they found already occupying the ground, and deeply rooted in the faith of the people. Indeed, if Christianity had denied the people their old observances they would have trampled it out. In the year A.D. 601 Gregory the Great wrote to the Abbot Mellitus, then going into Britain, the following directions to be communicated to Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury:

“When, therefore, Almighty God shall bring you to the most reverend Bishop Augustine, our brother, tell him what I have, upon mature deliberation of the affairs of the English, determined upon, viz., that the temples of the idols ought not to be destroyed; but let the idols that are in them be destroyed; let holy water be made and sprinkled in the said temples; let altars be erected and relics placed. For if those temples are well built it is requisite that they be converted from the worship of devils to the service of the true God; that the nation, seeing that their temples are not destroyed, may remove error from their hearts, and, knowing and adoring the true God, may more familiarly resort to the places to which they have been accustomed. And because they have been used to slaughter many oxen in the sacrifices to devils, *some solemnity must be exchanged for them on this account*; as that on the day of the dedication, or the natiivities of the holy martyrs, whose relics are there deposited, they may build themselves huts of the boughs of trees, about those churches which have been turned to that use from temples, and celebrate the solemnity with religious feastings, and no more offer beasts to the devil, but kill cattle to the praise of God in their eating, and return thanks to the Giver of all things for their sustenance; to the end that, while some gratifications are outwardly permitted them, they may the more easily consent to the inward consolations of the grace of God. For there is no doubt that it is impossible to efface every thing at once from their obdurate minds; because he who endeavors to ascend to the highest place rises by degrees or steps, and not by leaps.”

Mosheim, in his Ecclesiastical History, shows that this was every where the practice of the Church. He says:

“To those festivals which were celebrated in the preceding (fifth) century were now added the festival of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, invented with a design to remove the uneasiness of the heathen converts, on account of the loss of their Lupercalia, or Feasts of Pan, which had been formerly observed in the month of February—the Festival of the Immaculate Conception—the day set apart to commemorate the birth of St. John, and others less worthy of mention.”

The Purification of the Virgin and the Birth of St. John are still preserved as festivals in the Church of England. Thus the Birthday of the Sun, the Scandinavian Feast of Yule, with its log and wassail bowl, were baptized into the feasts of Christmas; and our fine dinners on that day were originally burned to cinders on altars instead of nicely cooked for our own palates. Our forefathers' "Masques" and our Pantomimes are reminiscences of veritable Saturnalia. *Uley* is an old Chaldaic word for "ascend," and was used with reference to the ascent of the sun; whence Yule. In some parts of Yorkshire the people run about and into the churches at Christmas, which corresponded to the feast of Apollo, crying *Ule, ule*. A Christmas custom also remains in Kent called Youling, in which numbers of people encircle the apple and cherry trees to invoke a good crop, singing:

"Stand fast root; bear well top;
God send us a youling sop;
Every twig, apple big;
Every bough, apples enow."

Sun-worship may not only be traced in hundreds of names of places in Great Britain—as, for instance, in this very Saul's (*i.e.*, Sol's) bury—but in actual religious usages. In many churches during the recitation of the Apostles' Creed the congregation turn and bow toward the east; in English cemeteries bodies are buried with head to the east. One who penetrates the most primitive districts, in regions where the Celts are known to have existed from the oldest times, will get glimpses of some very antique proceedings. Bel-fires are still lighted at midsummer in some parts of Ireland, and cattle driven *through* them. Dr. Moresim speaks of a custom in Scotland of which he was an eye-witness. "They take," he says, "on their return from church, the newly-baptized infant, and vibrate it three or four times gently over a flame, saying, and repeating it thrice, 'Let the flame consume thee now or never.'" This is plainly a relic of fire-worship, and probably of the custom of human sacrifices.

In some parts of Scotland they have a still more distinct reminiscence of human sacrifices. About midsummer a number of people go out on a common and build a fire. They then proceed one after another to run and leap over or through the top of the ascending flame. None can give any account of the origin of this performance; they only say that it has always been the usage of their neighborhood; but there is little doubt that those who instituted it often went into and not over the fire. The widespread custom of bowing to the new moon certainly had its origin in the Druidical ceremonies which occurred at every change of the moon, as have also many of the beliefs of country people as to its influence upon their crops; some of which, however, as Mr. P. J. Lesley, of Philadelphia, has shown, are not entirely superstitious. Those who strew flowers on graves are unconsciously following the precedent of Alex-

ander, who strewed them on the grave of Achilles, after the manner of the ancients, as described by Virgil in the sixth *Æneid*. In the Book of Ruth we read: "Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor: and this was a testimony in Israel." The giving of the shoe meant the resignation of property. Castell says that the Emperor of Abyssinia used the casting of the shoe as the sign of dominion. The old custom is alluded to in Psalm ix.: "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe." This custom survives in the practice of throwing the shoe after a bride when she leaves her parental home; the father resigns his property in her. In some countries the right-hand glove was used instead of the shoe, and in medieval times the giving of a pair of gloves signified a quit-rent for lands. At many English weddings now it is the custom for the parents of the bride to furnish the gloves worn by the guests. April-fool's-day plainly refers to the Druidical festival which marked April 1—the first day of the ancient year, when the sun entered the sign Aries, and the season of frolic and mirth began. The May-pole is a Phallic symbol. The circular dances around it originally represented the movements of the planets. The British goddess *Ma*, "the great mother,"—etymologically related, as some think, to the Hebrew *Am*—was succeeded by the Roman goddess *Maia*, who was again succeeded by the Christian *Mary*, who, in the Roman Calendar, is the Queen of May. Each goddess in turn represented the fecundity of Nature. At one period the May-day festival was marked in Great Britain by much licentiousness. Homer represents the gods as passing the nectar from right to left. The ancient sun-worshippers passed the goblet in the same way, following the course of the sun. And now at any public dinner in London the bottle is sure to pass to the left hand. The drinking of healths was originally a libation and invocation; the liquid was poured on the altar instead of down the throat. To this day the London cabman, stopping before a public house for a glass of ale, will always stop short of the bottom of the tankard and pour the rest on the ground, without in the least knowing why he does it. Hydro-mel or honey-water was Attila's nuptial bowl. Diodorus Siculus says the Celts used a drink of honey mixed with water. This was the me-theglin or mead of the Norse gods. The Gaelic-Welsh custom of celebrating the felicity of marriage by drinking this beverage for thirty consecutive days after marriage originated that happy festivity called the Honey-moon. Quintus Curtius tells us that "the king ordered a large cake to be brought, which was the most solemn pledge of those who entered the marriage state, which being cut through with a sword, each of the parties partook of." The ancient Britons had this hallowed cake, and believed that those who ate of it would that night

see in a vision his or her "future partner." Hence the wedding-cake, and the custom of placing a bit of it beneath the pillow to be dreamed on. Mr. M'Lennan, of Scotland, in an interesting work on "Primitive Marriage," has pointed out various sports and customs which are traceable to the period when the wife had to be captured from her relatives, who defended her—a period which may be ascribed to the time of the early migrations of Eastern races into Europe, the emigrants then (as now) leaving their women behind, and finding few enough in the countries to which they migrated to make every woman a prize. Of these relics of the age referred to one of the most common is the favorite game of fairs and country people called "kissing in the ring." The girl drops a handkerchief behind a young man (who, with the rest, helps to form a ring), and then runs; the youth pursues until he captures her; she is then brought into the centre of the circle, where she must give him a kiss.

The score of fortune-tellers in London—of whom Zadkiel, with his annual *Astrological Almanac*, is chief—are of the apostolic succession of the Druids. Every summer there is fitted up at the Cremorne Gardens a cave, lighted by a solitary lamp, where sits a white-robed, gray-bearded individual, who, for a sixpence, gives those who consult him a paper covered with cabalistic signs, on which are a few mystical doggerel lines concerning their future. He is the ghost of the Druid priest, as described in the most ancient Pictish chronicle:

"There remained of them in Ealga,
With many artificers and warriors,
They would not leave Breagmach,
Six demon-like Druids.

"Necromancy and Idolatry, illusion,
In a fair and well-walled house,
Plundering in ships, bright poems
By them were taught.

"The honoring of Sredkhs and omens,
Choice of weather, lucky times,
The watching the voice of birds,
They practiced without disguise."

The priest seated in his confessional was originally a Druid in his cave, examining those ominous entrails of fowls which the poulterer still sells as "giblets," or *cabalistic* things. (Cabala = Heb. *Quel* = Cell: Cabalist is the Man of the Cell. Solomon called himself *Quelt*.) Many of the old pagan feasts survive as games. The favorite sport of all English fairs, Aunt Sally—the most common form now of the game called *Cockayne*, where small prizes are set up on poles to be gained by him who can hit them by throwing—originated with sun-worshipping countries. The Emperor Heliogabalus, the *ci-devant* priest of Apollo at Baalbec, introduced it to Rome. The amusement, called *la Cocagne*, remains in Italy, where cakes, etc., are contested for; and in Germany, France, Belgium, the *Mut de Cocagne* combines the May-pole with the setting up of the popinjay to be shot at. Lysons attributes it "to

feasts in honor of Coc, one of the names of the sun, to whom altars have been found in Cumberland under the name of Cocidius." "There is," he adds, "a field in the suburbs of Gloucester which, in the Hundred Rolls, *temp.* Edward I., was called Cocayne, now corrupted to Coggins. And we read in Spelman that these games especially flourished in the time of Edward I. A *pays de cocagne* is a place of amusement, idleness, and luxury. A person who devoted himself to unprofitable amusements became a lazy, idle vagabond, in French called a *coquin*, in England a cockney. The female of cockney is coquette; she, too, contends for the hand of many a man, careless of her success when obtained."

Mr. Peter J. Lesley, in his admirable work, "Man's Origin and Destiny," which is an honor to American philosophy, has a very curious passage on the origin of common games. He says: "Cricket is the game of the Druid kirk, and its characteristic is a wooden gate, or wicket, made in imitation of one of those tremendous trilithons which compose the circle of Stonehenge; and the game is a mimic war between two parties, one of which represents the priesthood, whose whole business it is to protect the sacred lintel, which the other party strive to cast down and destroy. The game of marbles represents a similar attack from outside foes upon the safety of the initiated into the Church, in the form of marbles in a ring; for kirk or church is the same as *κυκλος*, or circle, in the Druid mythology of the past. The order of the Knights of the Temple were the last in Christendom to keep alive the mystery of building circular churches. The very name, *Tor-alley*, which the boys give to the great marble in the centre of the ring, is enough to show the Arkite tradition in the game. But, above all, the game of hop-skip speaks for itself. No one can watch two boys draw with chalk on a pavement an oblong space, terminating in an apse at one end and divide it by cross lines, and draw a cross at the farther end, without seeing at once that the figure is the ground-plan of a French cathedral church.....Then see one of them take an oyster-shell—a neophyte—and with great difficulty hopping on one foot, and with all sorts of mystic motions and complicated rules of conduct, according to a well-established order of tradition, which his opponent jealously observes, being on the watch to trip him up at the least infraction of the rules, and see him shove the oyster-shell from division to division, on toward the cross and altar-place, where the catechumen becomes a communicant, and the communicant a priest—and tell me there is nothing ancient, nothing Archaic, nothing of the Eleusynian, or still older Old Egyptian mysteries in that!"

I may mention here that the usual derivation of Druid from the Greek word *δρυς*, an oak, is not quite satisfactory. It is more probable that *δρυς* was derived from Druid, or Dryad, as it clearly received its name from its sacred

character, and the oracles of Dodona. A further analysis of Druid takes us back to the Chaldaic and Hebrew word *dur*, which means "to go round"—i. e., like the sun and moon. The word Dervish is derived from the same *dur*. It is well known that the dance of the Spinning Dervish is supposed to represent the movements of the heavenly bodies; as we read in the Oriental song of the Dervish which Mr. Emerson has translated:

"Lost in whirl of spheres I rove,
And know only that I love."

Such sacred planetary dances were universal among the ancient sun-worshippers. The favorite amusement—*ballet*—preserves the name of *Baal*, whose religious ceremony it once was. As a religious custom the mystical dance is preserved among the Shakers in their usual worship, among the Methodists in the procession which moves around the auditorium at the close of a camp-meeting, and still more plainly among the Roman Catholics in the circular procession of lustration observed at the consecration of a church. There is little reason to doubt that the legend of the peasantry that the stones of Stonehenge were giants transformed while at their wild orgies—which gave the place the name in the Middle Ages of *Chorea gigantum*, and causes it to be now called "The Giants' Dance"—originated with these early Druidic rites. Any one who visits the old circular Temple in London, around which the Knights Templars lie buried under their little pylons or truncated pyramids, will at once feel that its pedigree is on Salisbury Plain, and that both rest upon that early effort of man to raise the earth to the harmony and order of heaven, which is well uttered by the prophet Sasan: "The first time I was called to the world above the Heavens and Stars said unto me, O Sasan! we have bound up our loins in the service of Yezdan and never withdrawn from it, because he is worthy of praise; and we are filled with astonishment how mankind can wander so far from the commands of God!"

I have refrained in the foregoing account from venturing any opinions concerning the barrows to be found around Stonehenge. The whole subject of barrows is in confusion, and the barrows themselves have been singularly neglected. We can not criticise the English, however, in this regard while our own Indian mounds, which Ben Franklin regarded as the repositories of many important secrets, remain generally unexplored. A considerable number of tumuli have, however, been opened in Europe; but their contents are so mixed that men of science seem to hope for little results from their further exploration. Implements of stone, bronze, iron, are often found side by side. Bodies are found partly burned, unburned, and urned as ashes. Some bodies have faces turned upward, others with faces turned downward. Some are found lying under boats with their keels upward, and these sometimes are in keel-

shaped barrows. There are round skulls in round barrows, and long skulls in long barrows. All these things are at present under discussion. It is generally supposed that the races mixed somewhat their burial customs, and that those buried with faces downward were slaves. The implements chiefly found are of flint; and their



FLINT IMPLEMENTS.

mixture with those of bronze and iron may be easily accounted for by remembering that, as is now the case in India and other countries, the most ancient implements and utensils of a country remain in use with the humbler classes long after improved ones have been in use among the rich. Flint weapons were used in the battle of Hastings. When a man of sufficient importance to have a mound raised over him died, his slaves would signify their respect by depositing their arrows in his grave. (These arrows, wherever the religion of Thor had gone, were also supposed to be able to keep off demons.) The bones of animals sacrificed for (or to) the spirit of the departed are generally found about the entrance. I have formerly, in speaking of Devonshire, remarked that many of the most ancient barrows have an interior structure resembling that of the houses in which the earliest inhabitants of the country resided. It is of even more importance that at the entrances to some of them (especially in Cornwall) there are indications of certain dark holes and caves which were connected with the most sombre portion of these ancient religions. The entrance of the rare species of barrow to which I now allude is called the Dolmen, and consists of a great stone resting upon two others which have a perforation. Borlase, who gave an interesting account of one found in Cornwall (of which a representation is herewith given), ob-



ENTRANCE TO BARROW.

serves that it was among the Druidical mysteries that persons drawn through this opening—a very severe operation—would be purified from every sin. The fact is very important as showing some remote connection between this creed and that of India, where (at Malabar) there is a famous perforated cavern-door

of the same kind, through which, as Mrs. Ellwood, in her "Journey to the East," says, "penitents squeezed themselves in order to obtain the remission of their sins." There is also some reason to think that we can get here some inkling as to the origin of the idea of Hell, which is known to be a blending of the Gehenna of the Jews with a wide-spread Teutonic and Scandinavian belief concerning the ice-cold realms of the goddess Hela. It is known that the Dolmen I have just described was called "Hell-stones." From these was named the parliamentary borough of Helston in Cornwall, which is more remarkable for the continuance of ancient pagan customs than any town in England. Hell is the same as hole; but it has a more remote relation with *Helios* (the sun), and with *heilig*, holy, heal, and a vast number of such words. In the form in which it has entered our English speech it originally meant this purgatorial, healing Hole. Mr. Lysons mentions that there is in a Saxon crypt, under Ripon Cathedral, a hole in the wall in connection with which a superstition exists in the neighborhood that they only can pass through it who are chaste; and that unmarried women passing through it will be married within the year. The verger said that vast numbers passed through it annually.

And now, at the end of my second saunter, I must confess that the mystery that yet clings to Stonehenge and its environs is still deep enough to evoke from my breast a response to an apostrophe to Literature, which I first read as quoted in the old folio of Stukeley, written by Queen Anne's domestic, Samuel Daniel:

"O blessed Letters, that combine in one
All ages past; and make one live with all!
Make us confer with those who now are gone,
And the dead living unto counsel call!
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel and what does us befall.

• • • • •
"And whereto serves that wondrous trophy now
That on the goodly plain near Wilton stands?
That huge, dumb heap that can not tell us how
Nor what nor whence it is, nor with whose hands
Nor for whose glory it was set to show
How much our pride mocks that of other lands."

Yet the poet little dreamed that it would be one of the triumphs of Letters in the future to create a science that should analyze the very elements of "letters," down to the smallest alphabetical sign, and thereby evoke a vast deal of the buried past; that step by step we should attain some knowledge of the races that once lived amidst these silent plains; and that even those "dumb" stones near Wilton would, under the waxing light of knowledge, at last emit, Memnon-like, some faint strains of the old music to which they arose, and which were chanted by their worshipers. Had he so dreamed the poet would have had another tribute to offer to that Literature which enables man to draw nearer to the most distant eras of the Past in knowledge as he becomes farther removed from them in time!